

OZ

40 AUGUST 20c

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POPE PILL VI

abort the gort

OZ does it again! The first major magazine or newspaper to reveal the awful truth that our benevolent press has been hiding for so many months. The first to expose what is common knowledge now in Canberra: that Gorton is not and never will be a shadow of a Prime Minister. And what is worse his Cabinet realises it. Our Political Correspondent's scoop report is still under discussion.

As usual, we will be the only ones to congratulate ourselves on yet another outstanding contribution to the national welfare. But we hear the unspoken thanks of a grateful nation and we voice them as we say sincerely, loudly and modestly: Congratulations, OZ, well done!

**COME BACK MING,
ALL IS FORGIVEN**



Suddenly the pundits' eyes turn irresistibly to the G.O.M. of the Liberal Party, Sir Robert. For the first time in his long life, he finds himself cast on the Left of his party—an outspoken defender of the "great unwashed" and a virulent Gorton critic.

Sir Robert has thrown up his job (telling boring cricket and Churchill anecdotes on the Nine Network) in residence for the Grand Return from Japanicus-deus-Egiles.

The cries of his people are as strident now as they were long ago—just before he retired. He will not return unasked; even now he maintains an air of detachment in his Cinque Port castle.

Sir Robert is ostensibly aspiring into "Home Rule for Scotland" for the British Conservative Party but his Australian followers and classes know where his heart truly lies.

The Prince Over the Ocean will return when he is needed. Come you back, Sir Robbie!

Government by rhetoric is better than no government at all.



HAROLD HOLT IS ALIVE AND LIVING ON KING ISLAND

Meanwhile, in a King Island seagull hole—his white hair turned prematurely brown by droppings—Harold Holt waits with his dividend bond for the Day of Reckoning.

As each day passes, support mounts on the mainland for the coup which will sweep him back to the power which he enjoyed so much.

The Blk Z., frontman for the Holt political machine, is lining up her millions' million and octa-diver shock traps for the final thrust into Lake Barley Griffin.

The entire Holt family have cancelled their overseas trips and lands are pouring into the South Yarra storefront office of the Revolution.

Somehow, mediocritly tomorrow seems better than incompetence today.



WHERE ARE YOU ARTHUR, NOW THAT WE NEED YOU MOST?



In the political desert of Flemington, Victoria, a rose has bloomed and the subtle pink blush is spreading across the face of Australia. In the unpretentious brick bungalows of liver brick, only an occasional stirring of the veneerless heralds the whirlwind that the old pro, A. A. Calwell, hopes to reap.

Secure, as always, in the knowledge that the people will turn to Calwell in the hour of crisis, Arthur bides his time.

Only he is sensitive enough to hear the furive clausur for his return but what a tumult there will be when the People's Centurion makes his bid.

Meanwhile, Arthur is busying himself around the house, narrating the wars that are breaking out all over the face of his Memoirs and polishing up his part in the Vietnam Possum in the A.L.P. Christmas Party.



Social Jabbings

Hi there, Ozarks! It hasn't really been a very social month but not to worry, there's always enough to fill the diary. Social days, social days and there's no time at all to think, but who cares? *

DOMINATING the Sydney social whirl was a very well known and very dear friend of mine, WAL MELLISH. And was he the talk of the town! Wal held a swingin' tam recently that lasted the proverbial week.

Locale was his gracious home in the outer Sydney suburb of Glenfield. Wal spared no expense (spies tell me the do cost over \$4,000!) and aided by his petite blonde wife BERYL, most of Sydney was entertained by Wal.

The special cuisine was prepared and served by that Graham Kerr of Glenfield "NUTRITIOUS" NORAH ALLAN and it ranged from a tasty curry and rice aux gendarmes to some interestingly sour grapes.

Entering into the being-your-own-spirit, Norm presented Wal with a few bottles of Coke to supplement the bombo and a precious little Amaretto to bomb the complement.

As I said before, everyone who was anyone and a few more besides turned up although Rob Atkin sent apologies. Rev. Paxos, with his Vicar of Bray impersonations, puffed a few turns and an appreciative crowd stayed right to the end till Wal did the old trick of taking the party with him up to his old club—Morrisons.

AFTER Wal's turn, a few of the set decided amongst ourselves to raise some funds for that well-known old charity . . . the ACTU.

So, off to Melbourne for power and then back to Paddy's Market for a gin turn selling it at \$10 a gallon. Profits enormous too . . . so half to the ACTU old folks and the other half to yours truly's favourite charity, yours truly.

AND while whipping down to Melbourne, guess who? Saw none other than educated abo, "CHILL-A" PERKINS, leading a group of three Ananta tribesmen in a protest march to Tammaroo-Topo? "Why pay

for a Vietnamese war orphan when you can get an abo photomontage for nothing?"

And, as "Chilla" told me, that's about the value of it too. *

WHILE in the Queen City, I ran into "SWINGIN'" SUE BECKER (who opens on Melbourne television . . . every week). Sue was receiving treatment for a slipped disc suffered when BILL PEACH ran amok on her guest spot.

Retired Sue wouldn't tell me of any plans in detail but I did discover that she'll be demonstrating breast-lifting exercises to **SIR ROBERT HELPMANN** at a pot party in South Yarra.

BACK in Sydney again, had a really fun time at the Martin Place happening. Dropped in to check out strong numbers that old buddy JACK "Bungle" GORTON was to personally test-pilot the F-111A's.

Jack had fortified himself against the weather and we were treated to one of his popular speeches on Asia at a pre-happening drinks do. Later we all popped out to join the youngsters for a really colourful swumba and frog-march session.

AND so at July drew into August, the wheel grew faster. But I simply couldn't refuse when asked to organise **JOHNO McEWEN'S** bairn's night. Proved a great barn with all of Johno's friends there . . . **MAX NEWTON**, "WEE WILLIE" **McMAHON**, **ART CALWELL**, **MRS. JONES** and all the Treasury boys started out with a few amber at the Brooklyn, stirred up the mates at the Sakakilo and then off to have a squiz at Sandy Nelson and his new partner **Beryl Mellish**. Have one for us, Long John—

John Chow, Swingers!

Ridley Rider



Lots of romance in the air for our trendy Cabinet Ministers and consequently no surprise when Prime Minister JOHN GORTON announced his engagement to charming John PEARL BROOME during the Black and White Ball. Believe there was much excitement on the floor when John rose to boast his dusky finance and leaked out the happy news. John and Pearl plan a "honeymoon" marriage at La Perouse and will then leave by air to spend their honeymoon away from it all at Lucy Wattle Creek.

PHIZZGIGS

A Yank in the wrong direction

Mr. William H. Crook, the smooth Bastard who has succeeded the Talking Horns as far as he's told us what our foreign policy is, has one insatiable distasteful peculiarity his friends must be the most annoying ever to appear outside the "Saturday Evening Post".

The son Bill Junior, wears certain jackets and says that Australia is the only place big enough for a growing boy; the daughter, Mary Elizabeth and Ned Evans, are identically blonde and right over the Australian turner LHM provided an image-builder, and where they have moved "Adelaide" because it's such an Australian name.

The wife, Elliott, is described by the U.S. Information Department as a "gay and informal" person, in spades, and is a strong and decent woman. They are all "dedicated" to water skiing.

They may be in harm's way. Mr. Ed had an alarming forecast written the day he'd reportedly to have made more than

\$100,000 from investments during his tenure behind an offshore enterprise. Mr. Crook appears to reveal an extraordinary political network through a transparently ingenuous front.

His Sydney press conference showed him "being pleasant"—e.g., smiling, avoiding questions ("I'd like to tell you about that some other time") and giving straightforward answers to reporters from very clear bias given to them by the spokesman of Peter van Gysel playing a top Nota.

His Canberra press conference showed him blundering through the mists of the ANZUS Pact in a manner somewhat reminiscent of Mr. Gorton, a discussion which the local diplomats hardly declined "off the record".

It would be absurd to think of Mr. Crook, or of any other US ambassador, as anything more than a courageous boy who passes on orders and is probably not averse to making a dollar on the side. But to gain his confidence can be a major step forward in a political power struggle inside the kudos Harold Holt picked up from a close association with Ed Clark and, through him, with LHM.

Who will Mr. Crook pick as confident? On the showing to date, the best bet is not Gorton the Gauche, but Billy McLawhorn. Both are cool pictures, and perhaps importantly, both have a very strong religious background.

Certainly Mr. Crook is unlikely to find an Australian cabinet minister who is able, or interested, to talk about what appears to be his main concern: the plight of the poor.

Bail up — and out

On Wednesday 24th July, Alice McLaren should have appeared at court in Adelaide to answer charges for assault and drunk driving. The night before, she left home, didn't show at court and so her bail of \$300 was forfeited.

Her wif had "gone early" for her and police went out to collect the money. To no one's surprise, the 33-year-old East Town mother of five didn't have it and she was arrested.

It was a fairly slow day for hard news and that hardly drama hit the front pages soon after Mrs. McLaren left the cells. She was due to stay there for nine months or until someone paid the \$300.

When anyone goes steady they are asked whether they have the money. If they don't, it is all rather painful. A man is released on money bail when the court decides that some guarantee is needed that he will turn up to face the charge. In some cases the charged person can pledge his own money, in more serious circumstances other people also must pledge theirs. If the S.W. cash isn't deposited or if it can't be proved that the one going steady has possessions worth the bail, the bail will go to Victoria and South Australia, as such proof is required.

Mrs. McLaren didn't ever have the money she pledged, didn't notify police when her husband deserted and didn't attend court on Wednesday. The heartless may think she deserved all she got—even if her children didn't.

On Thursday the court reduced her \$400 bail to \$400 and gave her 48 hours to find it. That night, TV personality Ernie Sigley launched a TV appeal for the money. On Friday morning Help Me! LHM gave her the bail money for some entirely unpredictable reason and so she was headed home.

On Friday afternoon the bush-punker turned up in Sydney, saying he wouldn't have paid if he had thought his wife would be jailed. One good reason for her arrest?

On Saturday morning the Victorian police said they also wanted to extradite him to answer charges. Meanwhile Ernie Sigley had brought in another \$400 and Mrs. McLaren was truly grateful.

"I will use some of the extra money on clothing for the children, but I don't know what I'll use the rest of it for. I'll just put it in the bank," she said. "People have been so good."

And so gothic.

OZ AUGUST 5



The Crook Family relaxes at home

ALL ABOUT THE OZ EDITORS

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I'VE JUST READ OZ
AND WANT TO SUBSCRIBE

VERY WELL
SISTER MONICA



• Day by

WORRY
BY RAYMOND
CHURCHWARD



JULY 1 Mr. Fairbairn announced in Canberra that he had plans afoot to defend Australia. It was called a Joint Staff, an idea not unknown in other countries where defence is taken seriously.

At the head would be, predictably, Mr. Fairbairn, then his Secretary Sir Henry Blund, then Vice-Admiral Davies with the new title First Director of the Australian Joint Staff.

The choice of a naval man as First Director has not gone down really big with the MR&IA Men, who keep asking: Who is Admiral Davies? To which Sir Henry can only give his famous bland reassurance of non-interference.

* * *

The second hedge of the French election started fairly though not as badly as it ended with the shooting of an 18-year-old socialist party worker at Arles. Pardon?

* * *

JULY 2: A great day for the newspaper the Melville Middle began ... Tokyo Rose won on points. John Lennox broke the news to an astonished world that he had more than a yen for Chay Yuen. And Alan Fairbairn ran his classic back-story that the Government had given the (Gulf) permanent occupancy of the land they sought "in a radical policy change". Alan had retained his radicals, who were convinced by a valiant faction of politicians with Vietnamese antecedents.

* * *

JULY 3: The Great Shepparton Wedding ... "New Asian Policy Law Attacked by Labor" (The Australian). It was about time that well known Asian Policy Ing. Paul Hatchcock, was attacked. Aboriginal leaders were "cautious" about the Warrag Hill land grant Senate billards, those aborigine leaders.

* * *

Ryley was attacked by Victorian Country Party Leader Moss for his inane advice to drivers to "tost" at other drivers once breaking the law. (Ryley has that characteristically Liberal streak of wanting to have a policeman in every house.)

Moss pointed out that the constituted as extension to public nonsense—another of Arthur's little weaknesses.

* * *

JULY 4: Horses were used by police to charge a Melbourne student demonstration

Here, Meanwhile in Sydney the police were helping Wally sort out his affairs. At first glance it would appear that colonialists get better treatment from students but it must be remembered that Wally is a better type of chimp—he supports the Government in Vietnam.

* * *

Representatives of the primary producers, manufacturers and commercial interests had the opportunity to put their views directly and in person to Cabinet. They asked for a closing down of Government spending in the Budget. Trade Unions, consumers' organisations and non-inflatable fell to be invited to express their views.

* * *

JULY 5: The Queen dubbed Alice Rose knight. As she did so, it was announced that another 42 British groceries have taken to the water. Three of them were in a circumlocutory tub and could be heard singing: "Bob up a dub! For three men in a tub" as they scoured the Scilly Islands ... Mr. Atkins said that police tactics at Glenfield were "nauseous".

* * *

JULY 6: The seven staff of success, CSR profit \$17 million. Knocking around like exemplars.

* * *

JULY 7: The Melville rains ended after Norm finally decided that he could break a promise. (Wally noted that "I go to Holsworthy and stay there until such time they take me"—which Norm promised but did not keep.)

Apart from going to hell for his lies, Norm is looking for a knighted out of the airbase and Det. Sgt. Ferguson may get a Police Medal.

There still persists a story that Melville married Basil suspiciously. Most of the papers raised the fact that Basil has a child—even if he doesn't have a first wife.

* * *

JULY 10: Wentworth and Nixon finally announced that there will be no township at Water Creek. In any other democracy W.C., after all his vigorous protest and campa-

dreary day.

bons of "hand over", would resign his position in disgust.

After waiting as long as get in and knowing that he wouldn't ever get a second opportunity if he went out, we don't blame him for staying.

* * * * *

It was confidently predicted that McCow will take up the NSW Agent-Generalship in London.

His predecessor, Abe Landa, left the ALP in the lurch when he originally took up the position (he resigned and was won by the Labor). So far Abe has got, for his services as agent-general, a 3 year moratorium and an O.H.B. Soon he will be put on the NSW Board and forgotten. They don't come across these ALP functionaries.

* * * * *

JULY 15: The formation of an Australian company to produce men's, women's and children's fibre-easy shirts (including as well) Australians have shown particularly strong interest.

* * * * *

Bradford told a US audience that Australia does not bar skilled Negroes. We just limit them to immigrants in a socially useful faculty (the Arts, thank you very much).

From Washington Bills went on to South America, where we don't make it quite so cool for them to migrate. Latinas are a paler shade of black and Catholic—less mystic, even method.

* * * * *

JULY 16: NSW Attorney-General McCow remonstrated after previously being divorced. It is understood that his bride agreed to marry him after his first outbreak in favour of whipping.

* * * * *

Residents of Wodonga, NSW, complained that the "Trot Covers" coverage of the opening of their new Skirr Theatre had lacked that important ABC ingredient "balance" in its exploration of racial discrimination in the towns.

If the cap fits ... "Fool Covers" might have replied. Or, as they say in Wodonga: Sith and ye shall find.

* * * * *

JULY 16: Ill-fated ex-Air Minister Howson told the Post that a lot of people were saying that he should "go for Higgs" like electorate of the ungrateful Goron, who dropped Harold's gal from his New Look Ministry. "I've got more of my Libs out in Higgs than the P.M. has." Perhaps Howson and the P.M. could have a *Jan re-en*—a sort of battle of the political magpies.

* * * * *

JULY 22: Raging Armistead units began a slow withdrawal gambit in the chess game with Greshamshank. Butcher announced that he wanted to go three squares forward and none to the left . . . and the reds had a Creek mate.

JULY 14: BASTILLE DAY



JULY 20: Peter Shilton's "White Line" and "Black Comedy" died in Melbourne so the show was re-named "Uggs Out for Fun, or A Lark in the Dark" for Sydney's sophisticated ladies. "King Lear", "Sister Pig of Harry Watt" and "Hall & Oates" are doing great business, too.

* * * * *

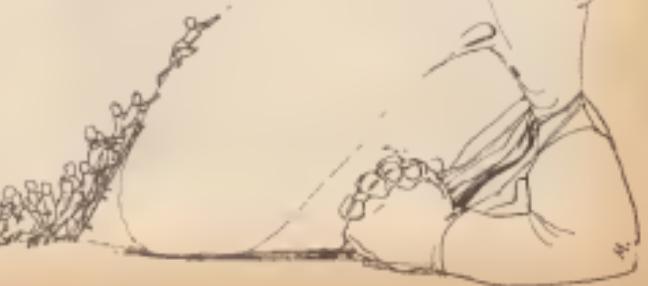
JULY 24: A general hobbush about Askin's "Drive over the Islands".

The only person to escape to Robin's refuge was the American Consul in Sydney, Basil Capella, who apparently thought the operative part of the directive was the word "hostile". You know that in Australia you are hosted in various ways. Mr Askin used it in a laughing way—in a kind way."

Mr Askin finally confirmed that what he had said was "careless and politically stupid"—fitting testimony to his political good-sense and moral ill-health.

* * * * *

JULY 25: Black Jack McLean marries again. He runs on that old air of weird



OZ GUIDE TO THE LEFT

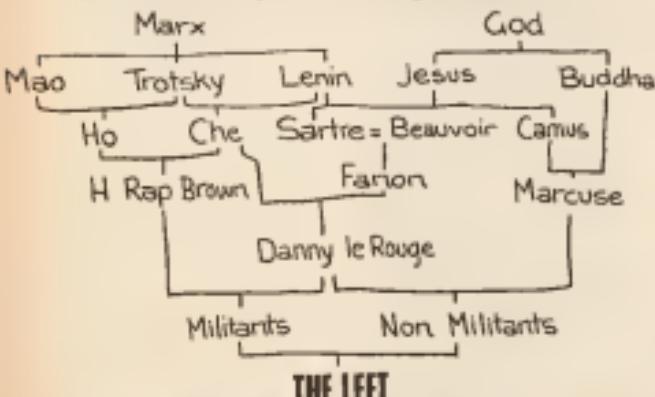
The Australian Left—that fearful, shrouded, undercover Communist Front of dopes and fellow travellers, agitators and the great unwashed, which is second only to the Peril from the North as a government wire catcher—does not exist. What does exist is a mess of eight distinct groups, with memberships varying from 25 to several hundred.

There are thousands, even millions, of people who support some of the aims of some of the groups; these, presumably are the dopes. But the organised Left, in the sense of an unspecified number of names in an ASIO filing cabinet, or faces known to Detective Sergeant Freddie Longbottom, is a confusing (and frequently confused) lot. And, as the fragmentation process continues—and more and more groups emerge—the confusion grows.

The Left today is a fiercely competitive business. There is no room for the occasional du-gouder, as Barry Robinson, founder of the Youth Campaign Against Conscription (now defunct) was when he grasped his opportunity two years ago and became, for a time, a "spokesman".

Barris is now on first-name terms with most of the Left leaders, and some others, including Gough. He is seeking nomination for a Federal Labor seat, and will probably get it. But Barry would never make it the same way in the rough and tumble of today's Left.

The Oz guide to the Left should be of invaluable assistance to all those who want to know whom they are demonstrating for, to the Government, and in particular to the Left's patron: Detective Sergeant Freddie Longbottom.



THE NEW OLO LEFT: Resistance, a group of 70 high school students, led by a couple of Che Guevarist Arts drop-outs. Produced the notorious pamphlet "How not to join the Army", and has done nothing else of note. Share headquarters with Bob Gould (see The Far Left) who is wooing it, largely unsuccessfully. Holds lots of parties, being your own pot.

THE OLO LEFT: The Establishment. The Communist Party (Moscow line) and the Young Socialist League. The members of this group are almost all either over 50 or under 25, apart from the prolific Aaron family. Laeticus Aaron is still the king, but he has his problems—he is reported to have lost four nights' sleep dreading to buck the Czechs against the Russians.



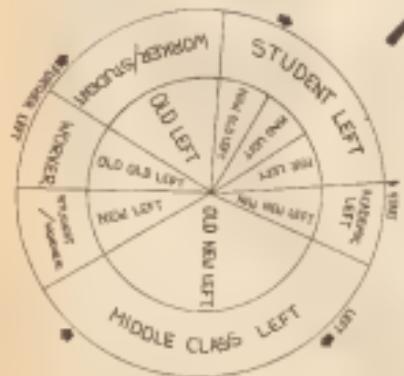
THE OLO OLO LEFT: Hardline Stalinists from the Left of the Labor Party and the traditionalists in the Communist Party. It still believes in the working class road to peaceful socialism and frowns on student extremists. No real leaders, except perhaps the Communists, relies for its public appeal on such dynamic figures as Sister of the Postal Workers and Cleary of the N.S.W. Building Workers.

ELEFT

THE MAD LEFT: The Melbourne activists, mainly students led by Albert Berger, who lives in daily fear of a Hitler purge.

Hill, head of the Communist Party (Chen Liwei) rules from an off-diamond prisonhouse and spends much of each year in China, getting the Mao foots the bill). There is another splinter group: the Old Left, representing a couple of bourgeois usurers.

RIGHT



THE FAR LEFT: The self-styled Fourth Internationalists, of whom there are 25 in Australia, mainly in Sydney. Anti-communist (because it's too tame), they want revolution along Trotskyist lines.

The group is split: 12 fellow Bob Gould, a bookshop proprietor too old for the Young Left and vice versa. Bob sells every badge from "Support the NLF" to "Up the Tigers," and does very nicely thank you. He also attends Labor Conferences, and is invited to speak against any motion the Executive wants to push through. He is known as "The Pachuck" and is so far Left he's Right.

The majority of 13 follow the line of Hall Berry Greensland, at present rotting in a Paris jail, and Denis Frémy, who lives off Trotsky gold. Most of the far left have bad backs, through waiting for the ice pick.



THE NEW NEW LEFT: The classless messengers of university students, mainly in Sydney. The Melbourne group is led by Doug Kessner. Ian Charnel, a leading fellow in sociology at the University of N.S.W., runs Action for Love and Freedom (ALF) and is generally described as an ageing idealist approaching second childhood. His wife teaches at Aspley. Mike Jones runs students for a Democratic Society (SDS) at Sydney University; he was a leader of the Students for Labor Victory campaign at the last Federal election, and won the ALP general hundred votes in every electorate in which he appeared. Considered a social club rather than a political force.



THE OLD NEW LEFT: The Vietnam "conscience", spearheaded by the Association for International Co-operation and Disarmament, which is often accused of being a Communist front (it isn't). The predominance of clergymen in this group has also made it suspect as a Christian front.

Other organisations in this highly respectable mob include the Vietnam Day Committee in Melbourne and the Committee of Protest against Vietnam in Adelaide.



THE NEW LEFT: Bras Laver's civil rights crusader, anti-student group, mainly in Brisbane. Runs the FOCO discotheque at the Brisbane Trades Hall, where he is also Research Officer, (notoriously he is also a student, but let that pass).

POCO was originally backed by the Union, but now all profits go to the Brisbane Underground Movement; no one knows what happens to them after, although one of Laver's patrons, Communist Union boss, Alex Mac-Donald would like to.

Laver is now off on a year-long trip round the world; the New Leth is likely to fall apart without him.



initial moves

PM — P.O.Q!

"Love me—I'm a Liberal", goes the battle-cry of the Young Libs, who are sporting on their double-breasted. As far as it is known, no one has yet taken them up on it. But it might be worth a try for the Prime Minister to wear one out the next cabinet meeting. He could hardly do any worse than at present.

The political thing anyone is prepared to say about him these days is that he is a good drinking mate. Those who remember him from school (Keyston Grammar, naturally) may describe him as a loud-mouthed bully; some who have met him since full back on phrases like "big fat" and of charitable, add that his warlike place crash has probably damaged him a little psyche logically.

But the interesting thing is not what is being said, although it is mostly strong criticism, or who is saying it, although they are often people close to the Prime Minister. It is where the insults are flying.

The anti-Gorton movement has gained considerable strength in the Australian Club and the pubs.

One member of parliament who wishes to remain anonymous (it is understood to be Mr H. B. Turner, Lib. Rep.) said recently during the month as saying that Mr Gorton could not rely on five loyal votes in the whole parliamentary party—Reps. and Senate.

This sounds absurd when you think that only six months ago the man was elected Leader by a very large majority, but when you think about it, it's hard to pack even five.

Mr Gorton was definitely in the Alex Douglas-Hamilton position of being most people's second choice in January, and since then has managed to alienate even his own protégés. Mr Whitworth, for instance, is known to feel he has been sold down the river on Aborigines and pensions, because he, poor fool, trusted the Prime Minister.

It was not Mr Gorton who refused to let him actually carry out his grandiose, and by then public, plan. It was Mr McWhinney and Mr McIlroy, working for once in harness. But Mr Gorton, Mr Whitworth feels, shouldn't have preened when he could not give, and in any case didn't seem to fight very hard.

The emergence of the Libs' answer to the BHP Industrial Group, the Businessmen for Democratic Government, should be seen against this background. The businessmen have never really trusted Gorton since the postal strike; they consider he tried to play "John the Reformer", and his intransigence and infidelity helped to prolong it.

But they kept their grumbles for the club and confided themselves with the idea that a Labor government would have to be worse. It was only last month, boosted with the results of Mr Gorton's avowed project (every body had assumed, that they depicted something had to be done).

They held a long and boozey meeting, at which were between 30 and 100 people,

representing a vast amount of money and a good deal of influence within the Labor party.

Naturally, one would not dream of impugning Sir Theo Kelly of Westworth, or Mr J. W. Donley of C.S.R. (among other things), or Mr R. W. Miller of here and tuckey time, or Mr L. J. Hooker, still less Mr H. B. Turner, by suggesting they were gossiped.

Still less would one credit that it was Sir Theo Kelly who composed the advertisement that appeared in "The Australian" two days later. Still, an advertisement did appear, and it asked all loyal Liberals to write to their M.P. suggesting Mr. Farnell for PM.

The choice of Farnell was a logical one—the meeting had played with the idea of McWhinney, BHP, Whitworth and (weasels) for PM. Ted St. John, however, had decided one would have the honours.

Farnell, on the other hand, was senior,

and had clean hands from the last fight.

He had also been widely regarded that had

by Our Political Correspondent

he stood long time, he would have made it. Mr. Farnell, of course, was informed of all this, and was appalled.

(A) He honestly doesn't want the job, preferring to be a quiet power in the background.

And (B) if he did want it, a public莽莽 of the kind would be the last way to get it.

But the businessmen had the last firmly between their teeth. They appointed Philips Jones as their spokesman, and then, hardly realising that was a tactical error, publicly sacked him. Privately, of course, Farnell is still in there.

But the damage had been done: the mere mention of Farnell's name had been enough to make most people decide the whole thing was a pointless joke.

In fact, it isn't. Their publicity ideas may be passer, they had planned, for instance, to reprint the correspondent's column from last month's QZ as an advertisement in "The Australian". Until the paper's lawyers kindly pointed out that it wasn't on.

But the B.D.G. carry a lot of weight between them, and while they haven't succeeded in getting Farnell into the hot seat (nor are they likely to), they may yet get the sticks under Gorton.

The latter they have sent to potential supporters (written by Philips Jones and repeated elsewhere in QZ) may not do much, but a lot of quiet killing work in the high places of the Liberal party could just could—have an effect.

Gorton's defence against all this has been to keep his mouth shut, keep out of the public eye, do his drinking at home and make his public appearances at such places as the pub in Concord Town Hall, the Aborigines' Ball, and the Share Old Boys'

smoke. (Admittedly he hasn't a lot of spare time, as destroying Treasury officials are occupying most of it trying to explain to him what a budget is.)

He has also started the great campaign for an early election, this thinking it based on the fact that the Libs would find it very hard to replace a Leader in September and win an election three months later against a mook and disorganized ALP. It is not based on a desire to see the new electoral boundaries, which are now whole favour the Libs, and it is not based on a fear of a great Labor resurgence come next year. He has support in Cabinet, from those who don't want to replace him and honestly feel he would be a disaster in 1969. The opposition comes from those who do want to replace him, and from those who feel their bloody well got to be a hard budget this year as the economy is going to get right out of control.



The opposition in Cabinet has found unexpected support in the Parliamentary Opposition, which is planning to challenge the registration.

Whitworth's thought is based on the same basis as Gorton—he isn't particularly worried about the seats. But he doesn't in the least want an early election, which means the simultaneous deaths of Ure, Hartley, Brown, Chisholm and Kerfe—the Libs would never comfortably.

What he does want is to give Gorton as much air as possible so the guards that he will either be isolated like big split or will drink and talk himself out of office.

It now looks as though Gorton will have to grab their chokes and replace the men (but God knows with whom) or else sit on him as hard as possible, and hope he qualifies the son of his wifes, which is now frightening children in Madame Tussaud's in London.

The following is the text of a letter, drafted by Mr. Francis James and sent in all Liberal Party branches, all parliamentary members of the Liberal Party, and various businesses whom the Businessmen for Democratic Government happen to know. The footnotes are by our political correspondent.

A Federal Election must be held by November, 1969. We do not wish to see the Socialists win it. But that possibility becomes remote every day and will become a certainty if our Party drifts into even deeper disarray. We feel that drastic steps must be taken—quickly.

It is no secret that there are widespread doubts about the Prime Minister's performance. Some of you who will read this letter know already what we know in that there is strong dissatisfaction with the Prime Minister in the Cabinet, in the Parliamentary Party, in the Public Service, in the business community and right down to business men and their wives.

Very few members of the Parliamentary Party are a good word for the Prime Minister or Prime Minister, whatever their personal feelings toward him.¹

These differences within the Party are already obvious to people outside—the press and the general public. If they continue, then we face certain electoral defeat. Any Moncrieffe majority (which is dangerously close at this moment) would end our party.

Differences within the ranks of the Labor Party, which have helped us in the past, will be of no help whatever if we are in the same condition.

At this point, let us make one thing clear. We have not been invited to act in any personal feeling against Mr. Gorton. On the contrary, some of us, especially from Western, have a high regard for many of his qualities. We do not believe it is a reflection that these qualities are not all that are needed for the leadership in these critical times. He is in the same kind of position as Sir Alec Douglas Home or Sir Anthony Eden. In our opinion, for both looks certain authority needed by the country, and the Party, at this time.

There is one point, however, for the kind of character consideration that goes on in certain quarters, which we warn with concern.

What Mr. Gorton does with his private car, for instance, is his own business, whether he relaxes on a fishing trip or over a few drinks² or in a night club.³ Any man under the winds of public office has just as much right as the rest of us to seek whatever relaxation he chooses.

Our concern is purely political, and we want to keep it that way.

Beyond our thinking is the fact that Australians have begun to follow the American Presidential-style techniques. The ordinary public nowadays are tending to vote for a "presidential-style" figure, rather than a Party platform. That means that the public's thinking of the Prime Minister is crucial factor in any election.

Unfortunately, we do not have anything approaching the American system of primaries, where the rank and file members of the Party are able to indicate their preferences. We do not have anything like

a Nominating Convention, where the Party as a whole can express its choice of the most suitable candidate to appeal to the Nation.

Under our system, the Leader is chosen by the Parliamentary Party. The leader, and the rest of us, have had to say so—so far.

We do not want to take that duty and privilege away from our Members. They are good men all, and in a derive position to make a final judgment than most of us. However, in the present case the blare truth is that our Members in the Senate and House of Representatives made a mistake. That is what most of them say now. They wish they had made a different choice.

The difficulties they face—and your Member is probably one concerned—will not be small. Inevitably he will look like an object of hostility for some to others. Mr. Gorton at this stage, *Deacons men* do not pull in his leader much except for financial reasons and under compulsion pressure.⁴

That presents another new *Party* Constitution, cannot very well be presented as a Council meeting, more or less under the public gaze, with the Party management looking on. There is only one place for it to gather strength—in the branches, and among the ordinary Party members. In that way, it can be done quietly, and with the dignity it all wants.

As mentioned above, we view character association with contempt. We are not going to sit out a long list of Mr. Gorton's shortcomings. They are better known to members of the Executive, and the Parliamentary Party, than to us.⁵ In any case, they can be summarized shortly.

One thing distresses the Cabinet most. It distinctly or most. It is Mr. Gorton's off-the-cuff way of speaking without careful reflection. This negligence has already landed the Party in difficulty after difficulty. Nothing could be more damaging. He has to take his words back for a start. He has to consult his Cabinet before making statements on matters that concern them closely.⁶ He has failed to follow the strict regimen of any Prime Minister in the most important *Executive in Parliament*. His failure to "do his homework" was shown in his pack statements on America and Asia, and made our Government look silly. We hazard the Prime Minister of pride by leaving the country while she was still here, and so on. There are dozens of similar small blunders. Individually, they may be unimportant. Any one now makes a mistake. When added up, however, their cumulative effect is serious. Do they add up to a picture of the kind of Prime Minister our nation needs? We frankly do not think so.

We think that the country, and our Party, need a leader at this present time who will speak and act without loss of deliberation and dignity, who will keep more steadily in touch with his colleagues, and who will run a happy team.

You do not need to be possessed to be depicted. Sir Robert Menzies is a good example of what we mean. He was not Mr. Gorton, even if he was unfortunately not a Liberal. No one who is as far out genetically as Menzies is a Prime Minister. It can be a definite structural advantage. But

it is not an asset if other qualities are not present behind that one.

Our nation is facing many critical questions of this nature. Possibly we are ignorant of the way they are being tackled. With the British withdrawal and the Vice-President Macmillan's visit, this is one that we must look after seriously. Defense policy seems to us of crucial importance. It is an issue, but Mr. Fairbairn, as Minister responsible, has been arguing a review of Defense. Such a reading has been passed. Foreign investment, the money balance of payments problem and related matters have never been more worrying. How they are tackled goes not only affect us as businesses. It will affect every single voter. It is strongly believed in monolithic government that another "oversized" government is unnecessary.

There are too many different approaches to all these matters within the Cabinet. The present leadership has failed to reconcile them. "Glossover compromise" is just not enough. The ship lacks a compass helmsman.

After careful consideration, we are of opinion that the first politically possible successor to Mr. Gorton is Mr. Fairbairn. It may well be that others would be better choices. Many of us have other ideas. We agree, however, that as a matter of politics, Mr. Fairbairn is the most suitable choice. We know that the *Eastern* and *S.E.R.* Executives of the Party share our concern and we view *Most* of our Members of Parliament agree that a change is needed, but for personal and all sorts of other reasons there seems no clear option among them about the best successor.

This is where you can help, as a Liberal member.

Will you do us the favor to speak to your MP, and ask him to speak to Mr. Fairbairn? If he is a Labor man write to our *Local* Member.⁷

Mr. Fairbairn is obviously not power to doesn't believe forward. In public, he has no chance but to do so. He is not interested. But nor he believes by that. We have reason to believe that, when the hour comes, he will not refuse to do his duty.⁸

Finally, we ask you to keep the contents of this letter confidential. It is obviously undesirable for a branch of it to get out of print, which is always only too ready to print sensational matter about our difficulties.⁹

Businessmen for Democratic Government

1. Everyone thinks he's an off.

2. They hate him.

3. Westworth, also possibly Fairbairn.

4. See 2.

5. When it is needed in Cabinet.

6. Or several more drinks.

7. Over several more drinks.

8. Which we are doing our best to earn.

9. That's how we heard about them.

10. Also a bad example.

11. Some want it, but others want to make sure our carrier doesn't get it.

12. We have been forced by them.

13. Actually of course it didn't which is why we made sure all papers got a copy.

Freddie & Clyde

Sir Frank Facker has attempted to lock other people out of their offices—e.g., his Great Sage on *Finniss Street's* "Aegle". Last month it happened to him.

Following a general flood, therefore largely unopposed, student marchers descended Sydney, about 50 students invaded the "Telegraph" would be a good place for a sit-in.

About 20 of them actually made it inside before Det-Sgt Freddie Longbottom, showing a good rate of speed for his age, caught up and blocked one of the building's many doors. They then played hide-and-seek with a very scared security officer for some time, before Clyde, Sir Frank's son and heir, started down and ordered most of them out.

Clyde (a Member of the NSW Legislative Council) then showed the qualms that have marked him for a strong political future by rushing round the block, locking every door and shouting the police. The students gathered outside the Elizabeth Street entrance, hammering on one door and abusing Clyde, who, from behind several inches of wood set including his head, replied in kind.

At this stage a large black car drew up, and who should get out but Sir Frank no doubt on his way to order another anti-student editorial. Sir Frank hacked through the series to the locked door, ordered Clyde to open it, and, after a few quite fruity exchanges, was admitted.

Once in he worked fast. In seconds the 20-odd police controlling the 20-odd students were disbursed by two wagons-load and the entire lot squat-van-piled back in a

happy low-down with Wally Mellish.

Meanwhile Sir Frank and four of the students Clyde had accidentally locked inside the building, and promised them space in the "Telegraph" to reply to his editorials (they did), and Sir Frank promptly wrote another one rebuking the reply. He also offered \$10,000 towards any libel suit they wished to bring on him.

But there was a catch: of the total sum raised, the leader of the student delegation Mike Jones (not left out on the left), had to buy the "Telegraph" for the rest of his life.

Clyde, as Sir Frank is known to his employees (but with physical and political reservations), has all the odds on his side.

The students have not been able to find a barrister prepared to go along with the libel action, and they are unlikely to; no corner has been mentioned in the Father and student editorials, and you can't beat a crook.

It is not known if Jones has yet taken out his lifetime subscription to *The Paper You Can Trust*, but it seems compulsory. OZ would welcome suggestions from readers for possible uses he could put it to.

Graft in low places

Waddington Shire Council was in the news recently after one of its councillors was allegedly caught robbing a bribe. One local development company wouldn't pay its official approval for an subdivision and this meant the end of what appeared to be a profitable and long-lasting scheme.

It was alleged at the councillor's trial and in other magazines that there were at least eight councillors involved in a syndicate which formed a majority on council,

split the bribe and guaranteed success.

Although the records of council meetings show that a group of council men sat around on many topics, this was not concrete evidence. No following坐者 was laid.

However, what the Crown Law Department lost on the swaggs, Taxman may make up on the retributions. When police whom faced out, income tax investigators descended and doctored out all sorts of embarrassing bank accounts, bad purchases and false deductions.

Even if income does pay, at least it doesn't pay Taxman.

Vatican Squares

Cards! Novice (Blasy) Galing on for 420 hrs St. Mary's press conference to explain why the PGI is forever banned. Why 245 has been struck and the press was going cosine. Where is the old housed? "I am reporter asked. "Nothing gained," said another. "He's just been here and nearly two years and three months later."

White Blasy, a Harold Holt smile glued to his face and a Trini and small city glued to his head walked into the crypt 10 minutes later the 20th century might never have happened. He and his bunches sat under a Gothic arch at a table draped with white, looked like a small chancery bedsheet.

On Blasy's right (if that is possible) Bishop Maldon, of Mervin-Brianson home, and Father Murray, the archivist, members. On his left De Rosalia SM De Maldon, and a small fee doctor, the Guild of St. Luke's leading obituarist. If Galing had been present he would have remained at the spot.

The panel encyclopedic, which Maldon described as "positive, beautiful, and eloquent" was translated from the Latin into an almost incomprehensible flowery English—all 8,000 words. Blasy read a little from a paper in Rome detailing the English Pius XI. He went through as he spent three years on his knees trying to think of a way to see the programme then Maldon explained what it all meant.

To his credit, he did not actually use the phrase "they will burn in Hell forever," but he did have a rancorous hour talking about mortal sin, grave bodgees in confession, purify oneself now, and truth—"the truth spoken can never ascend," he explained, in his famous 18th century prose.

What about Protestant who took the piff? Maldon looked at Redford who smiled like a shark. "That," he said, "would be what we in the trade call irreducible ignorance."

"It's been a real pleasure," said Blasy but face all but breaking in half with bonhomie, and the press conference ended. The reporters went off to spend a few hours on their knees contemplating Maldon's rantings up. "I think Catholics will have a great sigh of relief — at last we have a deviation from the Vicar of Christ."



Sir Frank talks to young friends before Clyde lets him in

MEDIA TEDIA



MAGAZINE PEOPLE was added to the lamp of failed magazines. One effect of the increased newspaper competition has been more magazine articles in the daily press. This and television have taken the carger from under the lightweight writers. Go See it is not doing as well as it used to, due to that other phenomenon (which caused Everybody's Dismay), a current note shortage of pay-off shots, the assumed goal to the pop magazine cult. As usual, the advertising media are up about 2 months ahead of the trade and the public. Go See when it is in decline. For the same token, advertisements are still only slowly coming around to realising that *Woman's Day* is increasing its circulation faster than the *Weekly* and that the Sydney Mirror has overtaken the Sun.

OZ goes on the name London OZ is currently fighting a campaign when against the UK Taxman. Correspondent London OZ has always been very big on including fold-up posters. In fact, one issue was just two pictures (back and front) folded up and sold as a magazine. Because it was unregistered, it was classified by the Commissioner as a poster, not a magazine, and so it was accordingly taxed. However, OZ has refused to pay and will obviously be prosecuted—*every Al Cooper*. In Sydney OZ off-offer Richard Walter is to take up the editorship of *Age*, a new high quality women's monthly magazine, for the Gavach Publishing organisation. He will continue to edit OZ with Denis Leitch as co-edit.

Another new magazine will come out of the Melbourne OZ offices this month, edited by Mr. Peter Stevenson, former *Mosaic* and Melbourne long-time underground.

Stevenson is an friendly tumor with the strongest bonds now running the old (old school) organisations and has been given virtually "carte blanche"—in fact, so much so that his plans are still a little "blanché". He would like to run an English weekly, there would like him to run a student-oriented news magazine monthly. To begin with, it will most certainly be monthly and distributed only in Victoria. Later if successful it may go nationally and even weekly—extra competition for the Bulletin and even *New Australian*, which is still actively contemplating a local edition.

Some have asked how the *Summer carnival* paid off well fit into the city's brand of politics, which anyhow is currently undergoing re-appraisal of its long love of the Liberal Party. Those close to the some assure us Stevenson will need no urging on—he has "overflowed".

The ABC's 1969 radio entry to the Italia Prize, "The Non-Continental Traveller" by Melbourne ad-man and poet Richard Packer, will never be heard in Australia. It is a stereophonic production and Australian radio doesn't have stereo.

Once upon a time Australian did have FM stereo. That, at least, was a start. But the P.M.G. re-allocated the channel as soon as TV opened its groggy stereo eye.

However, since the chaotic decline of amateur FM radio, manufacturers have been forced to take up the FM standard also. The ABC itself has many influential members willing to talk FM at the drop of a finger here. Maybe one day there will be a change—but not for pay-in rates to hear our sorry to one of the world's most important cultural prism.



When Sir Charles Moseley was still going through his Falstaff state, he got the hell (so far as that went) that the ABC's studio was a good Indian director. So he went to Moseley and picked up John Carter-Moss. Despite his presence in Australia for some time, Moseley will not fully understand the language nor is he itself a particularly popular host but not the case with his predecessor for duration as Australian public choice. However, Moseley was chosen to produce Special Projects' version of Lillian's "The Driver's Wife".

Nugent was chosen as the discoboree, yes, but is it Lewes country? The fine crew did their stuff and apart from a bush fire that got out of control, returned without mishap.

The film is generally considered to be a flop. It has gone through enough editions to knock my froshness it might originally have had out of it. It will be seen occasionally thus onwards.

The ABC is still looking for a tame literary figure to produce its newstaples *Television Seven Days* has finally folded. It never recovered from the loss of John Masey, who was bought up by Peter Elling, Masey or Kevin Perkins, the *Tele*-people's new editor, will be successor of the Frank's answer to "The Day People".

Mr Frank, who is always advertising in his promotion of Australian talent, has decided to run a solo of his own review show—at 7 a.m. Please don't tell me judge whether there is likely to be sufficient public interest to warrant its being given some of the precious peak time. What could be fairer than that?

The slow leakage of personnel from Sydney's TEN has been offset by the new inclusion of Douglas Brann on to the Board. Rupert Murdoch (who was one of the original unsuccessful applicants for TEN) has finally managed to clamber aboard the sinking ship.

Programme of the Year was undoubtedly the Andrew Roach/John Gould "Encounter" programme. There is a sorry rumour flying that Barry Jones was fed the accusation that Gould is an ABCD open-prosecutor by a well-known Victorian Labor MP. Gould is considering legal action against the programme, as well as against Packer for the reportage on the Sunday Telegraph that Packer's office contains a poster "MURDER JOHNSON". In fact, the poster reads "JOHNSON MURKEDER".

CAUGHT in the A.G.T.

from our Camera Correspondent

WA, seven-foot-high white brick fence has been completed around the Ladas. It has yet to receive its chattering in graffiti. Christopher Joel, that rather than keeping demonstrators out, participants clapped it in for the cost to keep Gordon in. News of the birth of the second child for the McMahons came as such a surprise we thought Poly was incoherent pressing the bellotti that no one had time to speculate.

Will the detailing how Miss Gurne came to be the PM's private secretary is kept under Highest Security in the PM's Department. What will Bligh lack of getting married again, being a Minister's Secretary has really become THE IN thing.

Will been suggested to Mr. Wimberly and his Aboriginal Affairs Board that a "latchkey" type system copied up that turnstile-type system would be ideal for Australian Aborigines. Presumably they would be kept well clear of the Arctic Snoddies a prancing to contribute bare.

What word were used that Gordon was trying to use Miss Gurne as for protection for the A.G.T.—a most unlikely story. However, there are very fine efforts being made to get the girl in line into some sensible position. But her present one—top, Social Secretary to Mr. Gordon.

Redfern and as a constituent election has sent the capital into a roar. Among the rumours that Vicars (late of the Wool Board) will contest Kennedy for the C.P., Harry Jones (who dropped out of the NSW A.L.P. Leadership Stakes) will try for Redfern. Mr. Belvoir will face Liberal opposition group. N.W. NSW State A.L.P. Secretary Armstrong, who does not enjoy very high favor, may be asked again to enter a publication. His assessment? Would you believe Cyril Wyndham?

Finally, The Word is that there will be an election in the northern suburbs to be conducted. If in doubt, there's nothing like a Kukla election to bring the Libs home at a canter.

PRANGO!

THE AIR ADVENTURES OF BUNGLES

by Capt. W. C. John

The Aborigines' Ball was in full swing by the time Bungles dropped in.

Every Aborigine of note — from Charlie Parker's mother to Frank Hardy — was there, giving it up to a little John Ainslie number. To add a little more colour, some Negro sailors had come along plus an Eskimo, a Canadian Indian and a Maori, here to enjoy a guided tour of Black Australia.



Bungles was still feeling guilty about not being able to talk the Squadron into giving the Dark People a base at Wave Hill. As revenge, he had decided to front a lucky lube to the Ball.

"Cindersie", the Press had called her. Bungles kept a nervous eye on the time.

The Bungless had refused to join him this evening. She had just found out about his plans to find Ainslie a spare seat in his Sopwith Biplane and she was furiously

putting pressure on him to marry Ainslie off to Argy.

After a couple of Barnesdances, Bungles decided it was time for his petite partner to take a little amber lubrication. Leaning against the Colour Bar, in one of his more familiar poses, he told the news-men the old story about Jacky Jacky and the rubber digdengoo.

Later, he struck up a conversation with the Eskimo, who ran a small mixed business (his wife was French).

The Eskimo explained to him that the guided tour of Aboriginal settlements had only included N.S.W. and Canberra. However, he had found the natives in Canberra particularly restless.

Trouble along the Molenglo? Bungles frowned. He knew there must have been some reason why the Squadron kept urging him to test the F-111s personally.

A brief official announcement last night said the 19-year-old Poco would continue his work as a "reduced" rhythm

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There is a rumour we must deny.

Some members of the police force and their running dogs from the daily press have claimed Liverpool police operated a car-stealing and stripping ring with Wally Neilish.

And, they say, the police wanted Wally dead so he couldn't talk to Mr. Allen.

How nasty some people are.

Some even suggest police threw rocks on Wally's house when Mr. Allen left the scene to enrage him out.

And some people have the nerve to think that somebody found 65 cars only a mile or so down the road from "Honeymoon House".

If all this is true, Wally certainly needed that Armstrong.

Now we are hearing curious untruths that Wally has written letters to both Bob Akin and the Commissioner telling them of the car ring.

How refreshing that no rumours have been spread around about the Reesby weekend.

armalite sonata

A man last night was holding his ten-year-old "dream" child hostage in a Sydney opera house. The man, a middle-aged minister for works, demanded that authorities pay a king's ransom before he would give up. Government leaders described the demand for \$100 million as being "very fair".

The drama paralleled in many details the infamous siege of 1984, involving a deranged Danish migrant and his six-year old baby. On that occasion a diminutive draftsman was left holding the baby.

Last night state authorities said that they would "play it cool" just as they had on the previous occasion.

"When dealing with a person like this, we have to expect that he will

not honour his promises to come out at a certain time or under certain conditions. Not long ago the man told us that he would give up for \$50 million after three years."

"He said that he would leave the building if he could talk to Rev. Peter Hall, the well-known Fundamentalist, but the reverend gentleman seems to have had little success in solving the gunman's problems."

LATE NEWS: The besieged man told police early this morning that he wished to marry Anna Russell and would go to Morisset immediately afterwards. Police are uncertain whether they should increase the number of prime donne inside the house.



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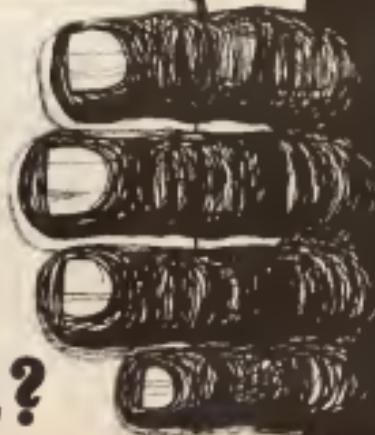
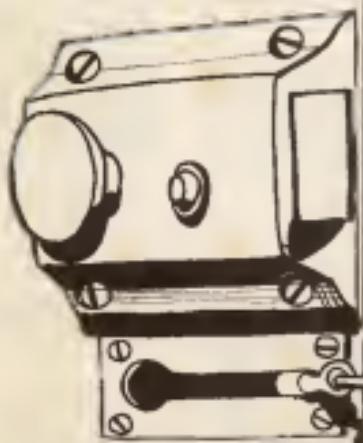
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WHO'S
COMING
TO
DINNER?**